

Mennonite Wife Prayer: Chokecherry
by Karen Houle

The pucker, the rusted bucket pings, a ringing
Plucks the ripeness free, the ladder steadied, and then the sourest singing.

The hymnal, it's the humming of her Enoch, a bitterness, a waxwing.
The milking time each morning, it's rickety limbs, and then the rough unstringing.

Dear Lord,

*There is some fruit.
Here are my hands.
My hands are touching the fruit,
Making accidental music in the branches.*

Forgive me.

* from *The Grand River Watershed: A Folk Ecology* (Gaspereau Press, 2019)